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THE MARVEL MAG OF MIRTH AND MAYHEM!

WHAT THE?!

SPIDER-HAM
versus
RAVEN
THE HUNTER



FLEE! FLEE FOR YOUR LIVES! HERE COMES...

KLAGGUU!

**THE CONTENTS PAGE
THAT WALKS LIKE
A MAN!**

**FOOLS!
IDIOTS!**

**THERE ARE
TWO "G's" IN
KLAGGUU!!**



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Contents page by **MARC SIRY**, the Assistant Editor who draws like a BEAST

THE PLACE: 387 PORK AVENUE SOUTH
THE TIME: NOT A VERY GOOD ONE FOR...

Stan Leech
PRESENTS:

PETER PARKER,
THE SPECTACULAR
SPIDER-HAM
NEVERMORE

JIM SALAMANDER
EDITOR EXTRAORDINAIRE

HENN BIRDWINGS
HEN-PECKED ASSISTANT

ALEX SAWYAK
ARTIST UNDER
SCRUTINY

MY
WORD!

MY WINDOW!

MY, THAT'S
A GOOD POSE!
STAY RIGHT
WHERE YOU
ARE!

SALAMANDER!!

DO YOU CALL THIS LITERATURE?
DO YOU CALL THIS ART?
DO YOU CALL THIS-- AN OFFICE?

GLENN HERDLING, WRITER ALEX SAWYAK, PENCILER BOB McLEOD, INKER RICK PARKER, LETTERER JANET JACKSON, COLORS JIM SALICRUP, EDITOR TOM D'FALCO, EDITOR IN CHIEF

NOT ONLY DOES THIS STORY
BITE THE BIG BOLOGNA, BUT
YOU'VE MADE YOURS TRULY
THE BACK-UP FEATURE TO
SOME FAIRY-TALE
SUPER HERO WITH
MY POWERS...

--AND THAT
REALLY
CRANKS MY
INKER!

NOW HERE'S A SAGA-- SUITABLE FOR
"DARK KN--ER, BOOKSHELF FORMAT"--
WRITTEN BY MOI AND MY TRUSTY
PIC-PEN...3 YUK-YUKE.

ER-- OF COURSE,
SPIDER-HAM, I'LL HAVE MY
HEN-PECKED ASSISTANT,
HENN, GIVE IT THE OL'
ONCE OVER RIGHT AWAY!

A YEAR LATER, IN PETER PORKER'S APARTMENT...

HELLO...? YES, THIS IS SPIDER-HAM. ER, I MEAN-- NO, IT ISN'T... WELL, IT DEPENDS-- WHO'S THIS?

OH! HI, JIM...? YOU DID...? I AM...? HOW MUCH?!

YAHOO!! THEY ACCEPTED MY STORY!! MAYBE THEY'LL GET FRANK MULDER TO DRAW IT! OR MAYBE EVEN JOHN BYRDE! AND JIM DILANTIS WILL SCRIPT IT! AND-- AND--

--WHAT DID HE MEAN BY 'EDITORIAL CHANGES'?

SO...LATER AT LARVAL COMICS...

YOU'RE GONNA LOVE IT TO PIECES! ALEX GAVIYAK DREW IT!

WHO?

THAT'S ME!

--AND HENN BIRDING SCRIPTED IT--

WHO?!

THAT'S ME!

--AND I SPILLED FERRIER ON IT!

WHAT?!

I THINK YOU'LL LIKE THE MINOR CHANGES WE MADE. GO AHEAD, READ IT...

I am Raven--

--hear me roar

Tonight.

I must merge with the Piggy.

Tonight.

I must consume the Piggy.

CRUNCH CRUNCH

Tonight!

I must get porked!

To...

...night...

...I must act like a pig!

BURP

For honor For dignity For indigestion.



TONIGHT I HAD THE MOST HORRIBLE DREAM... BIG BIRD WAS EATING ME.

COLD DREAM. DARK DREAM. WET--

--THIS RAIN IS GETTING ME WET!

SPIDEY-SENSE IS TINGLING.

FRANK'S KILLS BUGS DEAD



NYAH, NYAH! MISSED ME, MISSED ME! NOW YA GOTTA KISS ME!



KISS THIS, SPIDER-HOB!

Tonight I have immersed myself in your being... eaten your flesh.

Tonight I have penetrated your mind like Dom DeLuise feasting upon a Twinkie.



Tonight, I celebrate my hate for you.

Not tomorrow night. Tonight.



Deep-fat frying in the night.

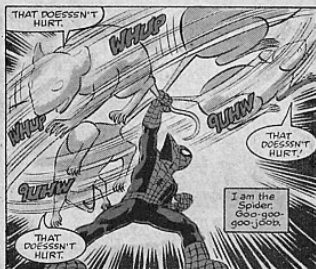
What unkosher hand on eye

Could frame thy fearful...

...nose?

IT'S A GOOD
THING THEY DON'T
CALL HIM "RAVEN"
THE POET!"





SORRY, BEN DARLING.
I WAS ALL OUT OF
CONVERTED RICE.

DONNA?

ER, I MEAN
MARY JANE?

OH, BEN. THAT NO GOOD NEPHEW OF OURS
HASN'T VISITED IN TWO WEEKS! IF ONLY
YOU COULD REACH OUT TO ME ONE LAST...

TWO WEEKS? AND IT'S STILL
RAINING? AND WHAT'S ALL
THIS BACON DOING ON MY...

OH, I GET IT-
SYMBOLISM!

EH?

AUNT MAY!!

KALAK A BRAAA-LAKA-
DOON!

RAVEN! NOT ONLY
DID YOU NUKE ME AND
BURY ME ALIVE, BUT YOU
GAVE MY AUNT MAY THAT
FINAL, FATAL, HEART-ATTACK
THAT EVERYBODY HAS BEEN
CLAMORING ABOUT FOR
THE PAST TWENTY-FIVE
YEARS.

I SWEAR
VENGEANCE!
BUT FIRST THINGS
FIRST, I HAVEN'T
SEEN MY SWEETIE
IN TWO WEEKS!

HERE
LIES
GWEN
STORKY

HUH?
BRUCE?!

TAP
TAP

BRUCE?
NO, IT'S PETER!
WHO ELSE WOULD
BE HANGING OUT-
SIDE YOUR WINDOW
EIGHT STORIES UP
JUST TO TALK
TO YOU?

WELL,
LET'S SEE--THERE'S
NED, AND FLASH,
AND HARRY, AND--

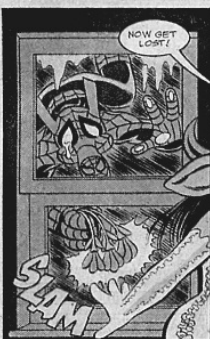
OKAY, OKAY, I GET
THE PICTURE.

HERE, I
BRUGHT YOU
THESE FLOWERS
WHAT'S FOR
DINNER?

JUST A DARN MINUTE!
WHERE HAVE YOU
BEEN THESE PAST TWO
WEEKS? AND I'M NOT
GONNA BUY THAT 'SECRET
WARD'! EXCUSE THIS TI--

--WHOW! GROSS,
PETER! WHAT'S
THAT RANCID
STENCH?

AFTER DISAPPEAR-
ING FROM MY LIFE
WITHOUT A TRACE,
YOU OUGHT TO HAVE
THE DECENCY OF
SHOWERING
BEFORE DROPPING
BY!



ONE DAY IN THE COMICS SHOP



OUR STORY BEGINS IN THE SLEEPY NEW JERSEY HAMLET OF LEONIA, WHERE A STRIPPED-DOWN BOG CARRY ROTH DRAG-STER SPEEDS ONTO GRAND AVENUE...

WHENEVER WE DRIVE INTO THIS HAMLET, I FEEL LIKE GRABBING A DRAKSH!

REGARDLESS, IT WAS NICE OF THE X-MEN TO LOAN US THEIR ROTH DRAG-STER, RIGHT, WANDA?

WANDA?

WELCOME TO THE SLEEPY HAMLET OF LEONIA

Goodness out...

YOU'RE NOT REGRETTING OUR DECISION TO RETURN TO THIS TOWN--THE SAME TOWN IN WHICH ANTI-MUTANT BIGOTS DESTROYED OUR FIRST HOUSE WITH IMPROPER CHEM-LAWN TREATMENTS??

OF COURSE NOT, VIZZY-VANILLA YOGURT!

REMEMBER HOW WHEN WE MOVED HERE WE WERE SO UNSURE--SO CONSUMED WITH UNCERTAINTY ABOUT WHETHER THE COMMUNITY WOULD ACCEPT US?

WELL, THAT'S ALL BEHIND US NOW.

NOW WE KNOW THEY HATE US!

THE VIBRATION AND THE SCARLETT WENCH IN HOMECOMING AROUND AGAIN

I'M GLAD THAT PUTS YOUR MIND AT REST, WANDA--

--OR IS IT SUSPENDED ANIMATION?

BUT AT LEAST WE MANAGED TO GET A NEW HOUSE!

OH, YES, VIZZY-CURRIED-KIELBASA.

WELL, Y'KNOW--IF THE BOOK NEEDS ACTION, WE CAN ALWAYS THROW EPIPHETIS, OR BRUISE FEELINGS, OR--

IF THEY'RE CONSUMERS, THEN IT'S THE LYNCH-TIME CROWD!!

SO YOU DID COME BACK, YOU UGLY MUTIE!!

YEAH, YOU GROSS, DISTORTED, SICKENING PARODY OF A REAL PERSON!!

MAKES ME SICK TO LOOK AT YOU!

HEY ARE THOSE OUR NEIGH-BORS?

OFF LIMITS TO MUTIE SCUM!

HUMANS ONLY!!

KEEP THOSE PROPERTY VALUES HIGH!!

YOU BOYS ARE THE FIRST COMPLAINTS I'VE EVER GOTTEN--

--LIKE SINCE BEFORE KIRBY DOLLED ME UP!

BUT TO EACH HIS OWN, I SUPPOSE. NOW WE CAN GET THIS SCENE OVER WITH? WE'VE ONLY GOT 6 PAGES TO SPEND TWELVE ISSUES!!

... OUR LATEST LITTLE LOVE NEST, WHERE WE CAN SET UP HOUSE-KEEPING, RAISE A FAMILY, DO HOME REPAIRS... AND MANY OTHER THINGS DEAR TO THE HEARTS OF YOUR 9 TO 13-YEAR-OLD AVERAGE COMIC-BOOK READER!!

RICHARD POWELL
SCRIPT/PENCILS

JOE SINNOTT
INKS

TRICK PARKER
LETTERING

JANET JACKSON
COLORS

JIM SALVENDY
EDITOR

TOM DEFAZIO
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WHADDAYA MEAN **TWELVE ISSUES--?** WE'RE TALKING ABOUT **SERIOUS ISSUES** HERE!!

NO, WHAT I MEAN IS I'M IN A **12-ISSUE LIMITED SERIES**. IT ONLY LASTS FOR **TWELVE MONTHLY ISSUES--OR A YEAR**, WHICHEVER COMES **FIRST!**

BUT... WHAT'S THE POINT OF THAT??

SILLY MAN--!

WHAT IF YOU ONLY HAD A **YEAR TO LIVE--** YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO GO OUT ON A **CONTINUED STORY!!**

UH--

OR SUPPOSE YOU ONLY INTENDED TO TRY THE SERIES FOR A **YEAR--** THIS MAKES SURE YOU DON'T **LOSE TRACK** AND BUY MORE THAN YOU **PLANNED!**

UH--

OR BEST YET--

DUH--

--A **TWELVE-ISSUE SERIES PREVENTS** YOU FROM HAVING TO BUY A **FOUR-ISSUE SERIES 3 TIMES** TO FILL OUT THE YEAR!!

LET'S GET **OUTTA** HERE, BOYS!

THAT'S THE **NICE** THING ABOUT **REASONING** WITH YOUR **ENEEMIES--** YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE **LOGICAL!**

SAY **GOOD-NIGHT, WANDA!**

BUT WE JUST **GOT** HERE, VIZZY. GUMMI-BEARS!!

AND I LIKE **IT!** OUR OWN **LIVES... OUR OWN HOME...** THERE ISN'T A **FOE ALIVE** WHO CAN **THREATEN** US **NOW!**

I WISH YOU WOULDN'T SAY THINGS LIKE THAT, WANDA!

OH, THIS IS **LOVELY** VIZZY. POOH! AN **AIR CONDITIONER, A DISH-WASHER, A TOASTER-OVEN, A WASHER/DRYER--**

WE'LL HAVE TO THROW A **BIG HOUSE-WARMING PARTY--** AND INVITE **ALL OF MY RELATIVES!!**

I'M A COMIN', BEAUTY BOY!

YOUR RELATIVES?? WHY JUST YOUR RELATIVES??

WHY, BECAUSE **YOUR RELATIVES ARE ALREADY HERE!** THE **AIR CONDITIONER, THE DISH-WASHER, THE TOASTER-OVEN, THE WASHER/DRYER...**

HARDY-HAR-HAR.





HOW NICE TO SEE YOU!
YOU'RE THE **DOUR DEAD-HEAD**, OF COURSE, AND YOUR DATE--?

AAAH, FOR THIS I MISSED **WEIR AND GARCIA**...

I'M **FANGELLA**, PRIESTESS OF **DIS-PEPSIA**. I HATE LIKE HATE TO MEET YOU!



HE'S CERTAINLY TOUCHY. WHAT'S **WRONG** WITH HIM?
OH, HE'S STILL MAP AT YOUR **HUSBAND** FOR CO-OPTING THE **BRAIN-PATTERNS** OF HIS LATE BROTHER **SEYMOUR**, WHO DIED **HEROICALLY** OF THE **COLD ROBBERIES** IN 19- OUGHT-64

WHAT A PERFECTLY **DESPICABLE** HOUSE!!

I HATE IT A LOT!!



AND **YOUR** NEIGHBORS-- STAGE **MAGICIANS** **FACADE** AND **GLITZ**--ACTUALLY **BOBBY** AND **SUE ELLEN** **KLEPTO**. WE WANT TO BE YOUR FRIENDS.

YES, WE EVEN BROUGHT YOU A **HOUSE-WARMING** PRESENT!

JUST A LITTLE SOMETHING WE **PICKED UP!**



WELCOME TO-- HEY, YOU'RE **MAGNEAT-O-A** A **SUPER-VILLAIN**!!

AW, SHUCKS, NO **VIZZION**. I'M A **GOOD GUY** NOW! EVERY-ONE LIKES ME!

AND BESIDES, I'M YOUR **FATHER-IN-LAW**. REMEMBER?

SO IT DOESN'T **MATTER** IF YOU **HATE** ME OR NOT!



TEEE, WHAT A **HOT NUMBER** YOU'VE BECOME, WANDA (AS THEY SAY ON THE **SURFACE WORLD**).!

YOUR HUSBAND HAS IT **MADE** IN THE **SHADE**!

ACTUALLY, SINCE THE **VIZZ** IS A **SOLAR POWERED ANDROID**, IF YOU **KEEP** HIM IN THE **SHADE**, HE GETS **LIN-MADE**!

BUT WE TRY TO **LOOK** ON THE **SUNNY SIDE**.



WELCOME, **ANISS**--?

I'M **LINDA LADUENA**, MR. **VIZZION**. I'M SO **HAPPY** YOU **MOVED** TO THE **NEIGHBORHOOD**, SINCE I HAVE **PREVIOUSLY** **UNSUSPECTED** AND **UNTAPPED** **SORCEROUS ABILITIES**-- AND YOUR **WIFE** COULD BE A **PERFECT** **TEACHER**.

ALSO, I COULD USE A **BABY** **SITTING** **GIG**.

I BROUGHT MY CAT, "**SQUEAKY**."



OH, **GRISTLE**, YOU BROUGHT MY **NIECE** **BABY LOONEY**. AWWW... MAY I **HOLD** HER FOR A **WHILE**?

SURE, **WANDA**! **OOOH**! WHO'S THAT **CUTE GUY** THERE? I GOTTA **MEET** HIM! **OOH**!

SHALL **RIGHT**.

YOU CAN **WATCH** **LOONEY** **ALL NIGHT** IF YOU **LIKE**.

OOOHHH! AND LOOKIT **HIM**! **WANDA**, DO YOU DO **INTRODUCTIONS**?



NICE TO **SEE** YOU **AGAIN**, **WANDA**! **GUY**--ESPECIALLY SINCE WE'RE **RELATED**!

YOU **BET**, **VIZZ**! **REMEMBER**, I **DIED** **YEARS** **BEFORE** YOU **WERE** **BORN**, AND THEY **LOVED** MY **BRAIN** FOR **YOUR**'S, THAT **MAKES** US **TWINS**--**PRACTICALLY** **INTER-CHANGEABLE**!

--ALTHOUGH WE'RE **NOT** THE **SAME** **AGE**, **LOOK** **NOTHING** **ALIKE**, AND **HAVE** **DIFFERENT** **PERSONALITIES**!

UH... **RIGHT**.



AREN'T YOU GOING TO **CONGRATULATE** ME, **BROTHER** **PIMENTO**?

I **WISH** I **COULD**, **MY** **SISTER**-- BUT **HOW** CAN YOU **STAND** **BEING** **MARRIED** TO THAT... **HUMAN** **WATCH**. **WORKS?**

OH, HE **HAS** A **CERTAIN** **Jr. NG** **SEIKO**!





THE BIRTH OF
A HERO...

CRIMINALS ARE A
SUPERSTITIOUS,
COWARDLY LOT.

SO MY DISGUISE MUST
STRIKE FEAR AND TERROR
IN THEIR HEARTS.

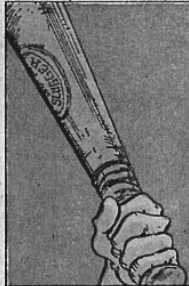
BUT WHAT--? WHAT COULD
STRIKE TERROR? WHAT
COULD STRIKE FEAR?
WHAT COULD STRIKE--



SORRY, MISTER.
MY NAME'S ROBERT.



SORRY
I HIT MY
BALL SO HARD
WITH THIS BAT.
COULD I--?



A BAT!

THAT'S
IT! OF
COURSE!
I SHALL
BECOME
A--





FROM: MARVEL LEGAL DEPARTMENT
TO: PETER DAVID, TODD MCFARLANE AND
JIM SALICRUR

FORGET IT, GUYS!
NO WAY THIS SEES
PRINT!!

Beat:
D. FOX
D. CROW

HELLO, MY NAME IS
MUTT MURDOCK.

I'M BLIND, BUT THE TRUTH IS, A FREAK
ACCIDENT STRENGTHENED MY REMAINING
SENSES TO THE POINT WHERE I'M ACTUALLY
FAIR BETTER OFF THAN I EVER WAS
SIGHTED! SOME LUCK, EH?

SO NATURALLY, I HONED ANY SPECIAL
ABILITIES, PUT ON A GARISH RED
OUTFIT, AND SET OUT TO RIGHT THE
WORLD'S WRONGS. MAYBE YOU
HEARD OF ME--FOR A LONG TIME,
FOLKS CALLED ME--

SCAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!!



...AND THEN, ONE MORNING,
WITHOUT ANY WARNING, I
WOKE UP TO FIND THAT I
HAD BECOME, IN FACT, JUST
PLAIN SCAREDEVIL, THE
MAN WITHOUT.

THE LAWYER WITHOUT
THE LICENSE...

THE HOMEOWNER WITHOUT
THE HOME...

THE LOVER WITHOUT
THE LADY...

THE CONSUMER WITHOUT
THE CASH...

AND OH, SO CLOSE TO
BEING THE LIVER WITHOUT
THE LIFE!!



AND ALL BECAUSE OF THIS GUY, A
SLUG I LIKE TO REFER TO AS SUMO
SAM, BUT WHOM EVERYBODY ELSE
KNOWS AS WILLYN' FISH, THE UN-
DISPUTED KING OF CRIME. CALL
THIS BOY WHATEVER YOU
WANT, JUST DON'T FORGET TO
CALL HIM FOR DINNER!

BUT NOT TONIGHT, OH, NO, NOT
TONIGHT. I WAS DOWN, IT'S
TRUE, BUT THE EXPERIENCE
DIDN'T SOUR ME. INSTEAD,
I CREAMED HIM AND
ONCE AGAIN ROSE TO THE
TOP!

TO CELEBRATE, I'VE
GATHERED A GROUP OF
MY CLOSEST FRIENDS
TOGETHER FOR A
SPECIAL DINNER
PARTY--AND GUESS
WHO I DIDN'T
INVITE...?



THAT'S RIGHT, THIS IS JUST MY WAY OF LETTING SUMO
SAM KNOW THAT, ONCE AND FOR ALL, I'M--

EED UP!

Sara
Lee

PRESENTS

FRED HENBECK
WORDS & PICTURES

RICK PARKER
LETTERING

GREGORY WRIGHT
COLORS

JIM SALICRUP
EDITS

TOM DiFALCO
CHIEF EDITS

EVERYONE'S HERE TONIGHT, INCLUDING THE BEAUTIFUL **CAREN BEIGE**, MY PAST AND CURRENT LOVE INTEREST. SHE HELPS ME RUN THE FREE LEGAL ADVICE AND DRUG CLINIC THAT WE'VE SET UP SINCE MY DISBARMENT. OF COURSE, THIS VIOLENCE MESS IS SORT OF HER FAULT, INASMUCH AS IT WAS HER LOOSE LIPS REGARDING MY TRUE IDENTITY THAT GAVE SUMO SAM HIS CHANCE TO RUIN ME IN THE FIRST PLACE. BUT I ASK YOU, **NOW** CAN YOU HOLD A GRUDGE AGAINST ANYBODY THIS **CUTE...**?

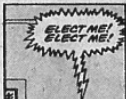


MELVIN SMOTTER, THE MAN FROM GLADIATOR WAS ONCE ONE OF MY MOST DANGEROUS FOES, BUT HERE'S A CHASE WHERE SOMEBODY REALLY WORKED! MELVIN NOW RUNS A COSTUME SHOP AND IS A VALUED MEMBER OF SOCIETY. HE IS, HOWEVER, A LITTLE SLOW...

GEE, MR. MURDOCK LOOKS DIFFERENT SOMEHOW. YOU DON'T SUPPOSE IT'S SOMETHING HE'S DOING WITH HIS HAIR, DO YOU?



ELECTRA, MY FIRST LOVE, SHE BECAME A COSTUMED MERCENARY. THEN SHE DIED. THEN SHE CAME BACK, BUT SHE DIDN'T COME BACK TO ME. SHE INSTANTLY DRAGGING **ELECTRO** ALONG AS HER DATE TONIGHT. DON'T ASK ME WHAT SHE SEES IN HIM - I THINK THEY JUST USE TO SAY EACH OTHER'S NAMES!



THE RED WIDOW, RUSSIAN-BORN FORMER CRIMEBRAGTIN PARTNER SLASH LOVER, NO RELATIONSHIP WITH HER LATEST QUITE AWKWARD, UNTIL ONE DAY WHEN **NATASHA** JUST WENT ROARING OFF...



FEATHER HEN WOULD BE SITTING THERE - IF SHE WERE ALIVE TODAY. AT ONE TIME, THERE WAS SOME TALK OF MARRIAGE BETWEEN US, BUT IT ENDED BADLY. THAT WAS JUST ONE OF THE REASONS SHE KILLED HERSELF. AND UNLIKE **ELECTRA**, SHE HASN'T COME BACK - YET.



GLORIOSKY O. FYAM MIGHT NOT AGREE WITH THAT, HOWEVER. ADMITTEDLY SHE'S A LITTLE TRICKY, BEARING THE TOP TEN IN THE 'LOVES OF MY LIFE' CATEGORY. NONETHELESS, SHE WAS THE ONE I LOST. THANKS TO SUMO SAM, MAKING IT STING ALL THE MORE. **GLORIOSKY** DIDN'T LOSE ANY SLEEP OVER IT, THOUGH.



... BECAUSE THE NEXT THING YOU KNOW, SHE'S AN ITEM WITH MY EX-LAW PARTNER, **PROSPER**. WELL, SEEM A WONDERFUL GUY, A DECENT FELLA, AND NOT ALWAYS THE SWIFTEST GUY AROUND.



GLENN YOUR IT, MILD-MANNERED REPORTER FOR A GREAT METROPOLITAN NEWSPAPER - REALLY! WHO ALSO HAPPENS TO KNOW THAT SCAREDEVIL IS MUTT MURDOCK. HE, ALONG WITH ROUGHLY HALF OF THE PEOPLE HERE TONIGHT, GUARDS THAT SECRET.



FOR THE OTHER HALF OF MY LARGES, THE **SHOW** HERE I'VE INVITED MY 'GOOD FRIEND' **MUTT MURDOCK**, TO DINE WITH US TONIGHT.



ER, MUTT'S TIRED FROM ALL THE **ADVICE** HE GAVE OUT TODAY. MAYBE IT'D BE BEST TO TALK WITH HIM, SOME OTHER TIME...?



AND, AS I LOOKED OUT OVER ALL MY FRIENDS FROM THE HEAD OF THE TABLE, I FELT LIKE THE LUCKIEST MAN ALI--





-- YOU'RE **NO** HELP MUGGER-- NOT WHEN YOU COME IN HERE AND TELL MR. FISH ABOUT SOME **FANCY DINNER PARTY!** YOU KNOW FULL WELL MR. FISH'S DIET DOES **NOT** CALL FOR SOME FANCY DINNER PARTY AT THIS TIME!

AND **I** SHOULD KNOW-- AM I NOT THE FANCY DIET DOCTOR HE HIRED TO HELP HIM... er, **DRAG** A FEW UNWANTED POUNDS?

MR. FISH-- WILTON-- WE WERE DOING SO **FABULOUSLY**-- DON'T QUIT ON US **NOW!!** DON'T-- I REPEAT-- **DON'T GO TO THAT DINNER PARTY!!**

DON'T FORSAKE YOUR DIET! DON'T FORSAKE ME! DON'T, MR. FISH-- DON'T!!

MR. SIMMONS.

eh?

NO ONE TELLS THE KINGKING "DON'T," LEAST OF ALL AN OVERLY MANIC DIET MONGER SUCH AS YOURSELF; YOU HAVE NO IDEA OF THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THIS DINNER PARTY. NOT THAT IT MATTERS-- YOUR SERVICES ARE TERMINATED.

B-BUT...

NO, IT'S TRUE--

-- I'VE ACHIEVED MY WEIGHT GOAL. I ONCE AGAIN QUALIFY FOR THE "EXTRA TUBBY" DIVISION IN MY LOCAL **BOWLING AND SUMO WRESTLING LEAGUE!**

GREAT WORK, BOSS.

SOME ADVICE, MR. SIMMONS: THE **NEXT** TIME YOU ELECT INTIMIDATION TACTICS SUCH AS **BITING** YOUR POOR DEFENSELESS SUBJECT'S **HEAD OFF--**

-- MAKE SURE YOUR "POOR DEFENSELESS SUBJECT" **ISN'T** THE KINGKING OF CRIME--

-- AND QUIT **BEFORE** YOU'RE A **HEAD!**

COME ALONG, MUGGER-- HOPEFULLY WE HAVEN'T MISSED THE MAIN COURSE.

HELP

IS-- IS THERE A **DOCTOR** IN THE HOUSE?

OH, DOCTOR?

DAAAHK--TOR??

YEEEEESSS?!

...OH, NO...

I **DON'T BELIEVE IT--**

--THINGS JUST GOT **WORSE!**

...WHAT COULD BE ANY WORSE THAN HAVING TO EAT THIS FOOD?



AW, C'MON, GLENN, GIVE IT A CHANCE.

YEAH, MR. YOURT, BE FINE AFTER ALL I ALWAYS GIVE YOUR NEWSPAPER COLUMN A CHANCE.



OH? YOU ENJOY READING MY COLUMN?

NO-- BUT I ALWAYS GIVE IT A CHANCE. A PARAGRAPH'S USUALLY ENOUGH.



MM-MMM. TASTE THAT SWEET BROTH-- NOW WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY RECIPE FOR MINESTRONE SOUP?

HIGHLY ORIGINAL.



THE MARSH-MALLOW'S ARE A NICE, IF SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT TOUCH...



MM-MMM?



THAT SURE WAS GOOD!

SAY, HOW COME MR. MURODOCTOR DIDN'T TOUCH HIS SOUP?

WELL, UH...



OH, FOR GOSH SAKES...!



MELVIN, MR. MURODOCTOR IS STUFFED!



ALREADY?



GEE, AND I'M STILL HUNGRY...!

WELL, KIDS, I THINK WE'RE READY FOR THE NEXT COURSE!



ANTIPASTO!



ANTIPASTO!



ANNYPASSO!



-- AND DON'T FORGET--

--THE CHICKEN!

CORRECTION, WIDOW.
FOR TONIGHT AND
TONIGHT ONLY--

GAASPE

THE KINGING
of CRIME!

DARN--
NOW THERE
SURE WON'T
BE ENOUGH
FOR SECONDS--

CRACKLE

I KNEW THIS
WAS GONNA HAPPEN...
SOBE I JUST KNEW
IT... SOBE

-- YOU MAY REFER
TO ME AS--

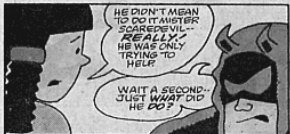
THE
KING OF
CRIME
!!!

SLURP SLURP

Gobble Gobble

CHOMP CHOMP

ah, SCAREDEVIL, I THANK YOU FOR
THE *SNACK*--IT WAS TASTY, IF A BIT
MESSY--AND I HAVE BUT *ONE*
PARTING COMMENT TO MAKE--

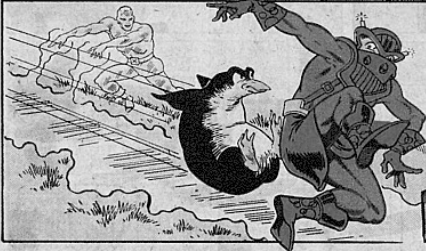


WHAT THE...?

Marvel Super-Heroes WITH PET PARTNERS?

IN THE PRIVATE SECTOR MATT MURDOCK'S PET SEEING-EYE DOG, DRAKE, PRETENDS TO GUIDE HIS RADAR-SENSED MASTER THROUGH THE COLD CAUSEWAYS OF NEW YORK... BUT WHEN THE DRAW OF DERRING-DO DAWNS, THE BEGUISED BOWSER COPS HIS COWL AND AIDS MURDOCK WITH WORSE THAN WALK-LIGHTS AS...

DAREDEVILDOG™

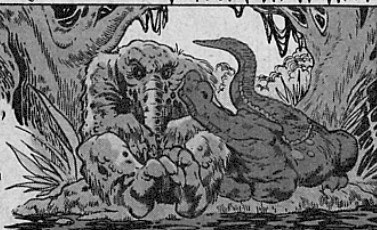


IN THE QUEST TO PUT EVIL MUTANTS ON ICE, YOUNG BOBBY DRAKE (A.K.A. ICEMAN, AND NO RELATION TO DAREDEVILDOG) COUNTS ON SURFESS, HIS PERKY PET PENGUIN. NOT ONLY IS THE WONDEROUS WATERFOWL'S SKILL AT SLIDING ON HIS MASTER'S ICE WALKWAYS GUARANTEED TO COOL ANY OPPOSITION, BUT IN CLOSE QUARTERS, THE BEAKED BADMAN-BASHER CAN STIR UP A PECK OF TROUBLE AS...

POLAR PENGUIN™

AS A CLASSIC CLUTCH OF CONTRASTS, THE MURKY MAN-THING IS COMPLEMENTED BY HIS ALLIGATOR FRIEND, RAOUL. MUCH AS THE MOROSE MUCK-MONSTER IS A TOTALLY EMPATHIC BEING, ACUTELY SENSITIVE TO THE FEELING OF HIS ENVIRONS AND THE EMOTIONS OF THOSE AROUND HIM, RAOUL CAN ACT DECISIVELY DESPITE MORAL TERROR... SINCE HE DOESN'T CARE ABOUT ANYONE OR ANYTHING EXCEPT FOR HIS NEXT MEAL, HE IS AN INVALUABLE HELP TO HIS SHAMBLING SAHIB AS...

GATOR-AIDE™



MUTANT BEACH PARTY!

THESE ARE THE MUTIES.

BORN WITH SUPER-POWERS AND A MYSTERIOUS S-FACTOR THEY REGULARLY SAVE THE WORLD BUT ARE FEARED, HATED AND SPAT UPON BY US ORDINARY HUMANS.



THESE ARE THE MUTIE WANNA-BES.

IF THEY WORK AND PRACTICE HARD ENOUGH, THEY'LL BE ABLE TO REGULARLY SAVE THE WORLD BUT BE FEARED, HATED AND SPAT UPON BY US ORDINARY HUMANS!



THESE ARE THE MUTIE USED-TO-BES.

YEARS AGO THEY REGULARLY SAVED THE WORLD AND WERE FEARED, HATED AND SPAT UPON BY US ORDINARY HUMANS, BUT THEY RETIRED TO LEAD ORDINARY PLEASANT LIVES. THEY COULDN'T HACK THAT, AND THEY'RE ITCHING FOR A COMEBACK!



THAT'S ENOUGH INTRODUCTION-- ON WITH THE STORY!

HAVING SAVED THE WORLD THREE TIMES SINCE BREAKFAST, EARTH'S MUTIE HEROES ARE IN SECLUSION, HIDING FROM AN OMINOUS CONSPIRACY OF THEIR MOST DEADLY AND MOST INVULNERABLE ENEMIES!

BING BONG

HI! ROOM FOR ONE MORE?



KURT BUSSEK and KYLE BAKER
SCRIPT ART
R. PARKER EDITOR G. WRIGHT DESIGNER
JIM SALICRUP TOM D'ALDO
BOOTS EDITOR IN CHIEF

INSIDE, THE ASSEMBLED MUTIES GREET COMRADES AND PLOT STRATEGY LIKE THE SEASONED WARRIORS THEY ARE...



NO-- THAT WAS KLOENIX, THE EVIL CRAZED TISSUE-PAPER OVERLAY DUPLICATE OF MARBLE GIRL, WHO LOCKED HER IN A BROOM CLOSET FOR FIVE YEARS AND TOOK HER PLACE!

SHE'S STILL PRETTY SENSITIVE ABOUT IT.

WHYEVER FOR?

WHAT'LL I DO??? IF THE OTHER MUTIE WANNA-BE- FIND OUT THAT MY ONLY MUTIE POWER IS SOLVING BINOMIAL EQUATIONS IN MY HEAD, THEY WON'T LET ME BE A MOMENT!! ANY MORE! I'LL BE FORCED TO GO BACK TO BEING A STRAIGHT-A STUDENT AND FUTURE BANK PRESIDENT!

I'LL BE RUINED!



WHAT A MESS! I'M BARELY SPEAKING TO MY BIG BROTHER EYE-CLOPS, MY GIRLFRIEND LORNA DOONE HAS BECOME THE LEADER OF THE HOTRODDERS AND IS TRYING TO KILL ME, AND FRANKLY, THIS CAVIAR IS THIRD-RATE!

KAL! TRY BEING THE MUTIE DAUGHTER OF A ROMAN SENATOR FROM THE LAND THAT THE DARK AGES AND THE RENAISSANCE (NOT TO MENTION EVERYTHING SINCE) FORGOT, AND THEN TALK TO ME ABOUT PROBLEMS!



WELL, I BELIEVE IT--WOOF-BAWS! THE BEST THERE IS AT WHAT HE DOES, ALL RIGHT!

YEAH-- TWELVE SIX-PACKS IN FIVE MINUTES!

THAT'S EVEN BETTER THAN I DID AND THANKS TO MY SCHIZO-MORPHIC POWERS THERE WERE EIGHT OF ME!



GOOD GOSH! HOW CAN I BE ON THE RUN AS A FEARED AND HATED MUTIE WANNA-BE WHEN I'M ALSO THE ABSOLUTE RULER OF THE DAEAMONIC GUMBO I SPENT MY FORMATIVE YEARS IN AND ITS TIME FOR MY REGULAR DEPRAVED AND EVIL DAEAMONIC BRUNCH RECEPTION!

IT HARDLY GIVES A GIRL ENOUGH TIME TO BE A TYPICAL DISPLACED RUSSIAN TEENAGER!



EVERY TIME I HIT SOMEONE, I GET STUPIDIER. OR SHOULD THAT BE "MORE STUPID"? DO I DARE EVER EXERT MY MUTIE STRENGTH AGAIN?

AND IF I HIT ENOUGH PEOPLE, WILL I STOP CARING ABOUT QUESTIONS LIKE THIS?



WHY AM I EVEN PART OF THIS, DUSK KITTEN? I'M NOT A MUTIE-- MY POWERS CAME FROM AN ENCHANTED AMULET GIVEN TO ME BY A POWERFUL WIZARD!

PROBABLY THE AMULET'S A MUTIE GEM-STONE OR SOMETHING. YOU'RE COVERED.



WHY GARGLEAND ANYWAY ALL-GIBBERISH DOES THIS SPOUT-- SELF THE LIKE TALK TIME MUST THIS SELF ISN'T LIKE LOOKS, GEEH IT SELF SPACE AN ENOUGH INCREDIBLE THAT?

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING CARLOK?

AACK! THPHT!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "IS THAT IT"? I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW THAT LIGHTING UP LOTS OF DIFFERENT COLORS IS TOO A VALUABLE POWER! AND IT'S NOT ALL I DO, EITHER!

I... ALSO SKATE!



BLT ENOUGH OF THIS HAPPY BANTER, IF WE DON'T GET THIS PLOT STARTED, THIS EPIC EVENT COULD TAKE ALL YEAR!

HEY, IF THIS IS THE
"MUTANT BEACH
PARTY," WHERE'S
THE BEACH?

AND WHO'S IN THIS
OMNIBUS CONJUNCTION OF
OUR MOST DEADLY AND
MOST IMPLACABLE ENEMIES
WE'RE HIDING FROM,
ANYWAY?

AND WHAT'S OUR
MYSTERIOUS S-
FACTOR, HUH?

OH, REALLY, HALFSHOT, DOES ANY OF
THAT MATTER NEXT TO THE FACT THAT
I CAN'T EVER KNOW THEM? "A MAN'S
TOUCH" WITHOUT STEALING HIS POWERS,
HIS MEMORIES AND MAYBE HIS
WALLET--

IT'S VERY SIMPLE, HALFSHOT--
OUR MYSTERIOUS S-FACTOR
IS THAT PART OF OUR GENETIC
CODE THAT CAUSES PHE-
NOMINAL SALES. WITHOUT
IT, WE'D JUST BE ORDINARY
COMIC BOOK CHARACTERS.

AS FOR YOUR
OTHER
QUESTIONS--

**BAM!
BAM!
BAM!**

NOT QUITE--
IT'S ONLY THE
FRATERNITY
OF NONKED-
OFF MUTIES!

THEY SHARE OUR MYSTERIOUS S-FACTOR,
BUT SINCE THEY'RE BAD GUYS AND DON'T
HAVE THEIR OWN SERIES, THEY DON'T
GET TO SHARE IN THE HUGE ROYALTIES
WE EARN!

HA! A TEMPORARY INEQUITY
I ASSURE YOU, EYECLOPS! NOW
THAT WE'VE CHANGED OUR NAME
TO THE JUSTICE JUNGLE,
WE'RE OFFICIALLY GOOD
GUYS-- AND WE CAN KILL
YOU AND TAKE OVER
YOUR SERIES!

--AND I'VE GOT TO
WEAR THIS SPECIAL
PANCAKE MAKE-
UP TO CONTROL
MY MUTIE
POWER!

QUIET,
ROGUE! AS THE
LEAST INFORMED
MUTIE, HALFSHOT'S
GOT A RIGHT TO ASK
STUPID QUESTIONS.
IT GIVES HIM SOME
THING TO DO, IF
NOTHING ELSE.

WHAT'S THAT? COULD IT BE THE
OMNIBUS CONJUNCTION OF OUR MOST
DEADLY AND MOST IMPLACABLE
ENEMIES, COME TO SLAY US?

KABOOM!

BOOMF

WHERE'D
THEY
GO?

AND WHAT'S
THAT AWFUL
SMELL?

NIGHT-
BOOMER!



ORDINARILY NO! BUT I'VE BEEN EXPERIENCING STRANGE AND UNCONTROLLABLE UPSURGES IN MY POWER, ACCOMPANIED BY EVIL, VICIOUS AND RUTHLESS IMPULSES!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT MEANS!

BUT YOU CAN'T BOOMF THAT MANY PEOPLE AT ONCE!

THAT'S RIGHT-- I SAVED US ALL!



GASP! I DO! YOU'RE BECOMING DARK NIGHT-BOOMFER!

REALLY!! AND I'VE BEEN WAITING SO LONG! I THOUGHT IT'D NEVER HAPPEN!

HEY, CONGRATULATIONS -- I KNEW YOU'D DO IT! YOU'RE JUST A LATE BLOOMER THAT'S ALL!



CAN THE CONGRATULATIONS, WOOF-A'EAM! OUR SECURITY'S BEEN BREACHED-- WE'VE GOT TO FIND ANOTHER HIDING PLACE!

OH, YOO-HOO!



WHAT? WHO'S THAT?

COULD IT BE... THE OMINOUS CONSORTIUM OF OUR MOST DEADLY AND MOST IMPLACABLE ENEMIES?

WHOMEVER THEY ARE?



HI, GUYS!

SLICKSILVER! THE SCARLETT WENCH!

HAVE YOU COME TO JOIN US IN THIS, OUR MOST TROUBLED HOUR?

I WISH WE COULD, BUT WE'VE GOT TO RUN, WE'RE IN ANOTHER STORY IN THIS VERY ISSUE!



WE JUST THOUGHT WE'D DROP BY FOR A--
MUTANT BEACH PARTY CROSSOVER!



OH, BY THE WAY, WE RAN INTO AN OMINOUS CONSORTIUM OF YOUR MOST DEADLY AND MOST IMPLACABLE ENEMIES ON THE WAY UP-- THEY WERE LOOKING FOR YOU.

THANKS FOR THE WARNING.

DON'T MENTION IT.



SOON...

MARBLE GIRL! DO YOUR TELEPATHIC POWERS REVEAL ANY DANGER?

OH, YOU BIG SILLY-- DON'T YOU REMEMBER? I LOST MY TELEPATHETIC POWERS DUE TO THE TRAUMA OF BEING LOCKED IN A CLOSET BY KLOENIX FOR FIVE YEARS!



MAYBE SHE KNOWS

I CAN'T KEEP TRACK OF THIS STUFF ANYMORE...



I DON'T SENSE ANYTHING-- BUT THAT COULD BE DUE TO MY ALMOST TERMINAL ANGST OVER YOUR NOT BEING MY REAL PARENTS!

IMAGINE HOW WE FEEL-- WE'RE NOT EVEN MARRIED!



WURF! WURF! WURF!

MAGNEAT-O, LOOK! HE FOLLOWED US HOME-- CAN HE JOIN THE MUTIE WANNA-BEE?



IS HE A MUTIE?

WELL... IF HIS PARENTS WERE HUMAN, WOULDN'T THAT MAKE HIM A MUTIE?

IT CERTAINLY WOULD! ARE THEY?



THEY MIGHT BE...

GOOD ENOUGH. GIVE HIM A COSTUME.



WHAT'S HIS NAME?

MUFFIN?

NO GOOD. HOW ABOUT CARNVORAX?

BEHIND THE UNSUSPECTING MUTIE WANNA-BEE'S MENACING SHADOWS SHIFT--

--AND
STRIKE!



Keen Keen
Kroooooooy!

ACK! SURELY THIS MUST
BE THE COWINOUS CONSORTIUM
OF OUR MOST DEADLY AND
MOST IMPLACABLE ENEMIES!

BUDDA-BUDDA
BUDDA-BUDDA
BUDDA-BUDDA
BUDDA-BUDDA

SKA-BLAM



NO--IT'S THE HOTRODDERS,
AGENTS OF BIG DADDY
SINISTER ON A SEARCH-AND-
DESTROY MISSION AGAINST ALL
MUTIES--BUT ESPECIALLY THOSE
WITH MINOR OR INCONSEQUENTIAL
ROLES!



THEY'RE
GONE.

DAMAGE
REPORT,
PSY-LARK!



127 MUTIES AND 14 STAR TREK
SECURITY GUARDS DEAD; STURN-
ING-CRASH. MAYBE TWICE
THAT MANY WOUNDED.

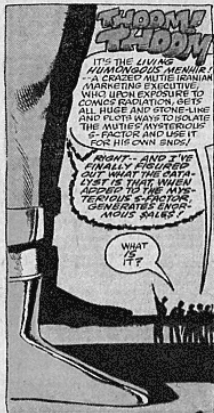
ANYBODY
WE KNOW?



NOPE... ALL COMPLETE
NOBODIES, AS FAR AS
I CAN TELL.

HMM...
THEIR USUAL
PATTERN.

WHAT
NEXT?



BULLISH BULLETINS

ITEM: So Marvel's the bad guy, huh? That's the impression we got from reading all those opinionated fan press books. Independent comic companies could print Portuguese TV Guides and be hailed for their innovative editorial policies, but if Marvel Comics tries to print something with good clear art and a coherent story, we get bawled out by everybody and his brother. "Too commercial!" they scream. "All they're trying to do is make money!" They should know by now that if we're trying to make money, we wouldn't be in this business. Well, we're pretty much sick of all these little guys picking on the friendly giant just because we're an easy target. Just because our xerox room is bigger than all the independents' offices put together is no reason to get jealous. But it's too late now, fellas. You've pushed us too far. Starting next month, we're going to do something that's perfectly legal, yet will utterly destroy all those annoying gnats buzzing about in the business. We're putting out, as of next month, not one, not two, but TWENTY-FIVE WOLVERINE-related books! All sure-fire sellers, all with a guaranteed half-million circulation, all designed to make us the BIGGEST COMIC BOOK COMPANY IN THE HISTORY OF EVERYTHING! WE'LL BECOME A COLD, SOULLESS CORPORATE GIANT! WE'LL HAVI HOOT POOR PEOPLE! WE'LL KICK HUNGRY DOGS! HAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

So there.

ITEM: Recently at Marvel we were intrigued by the occurrence of a baffling event. There was no possible explanation for this baffling happening, as it occurred under completely baffling circumstances. "Frankly, I'm baffled," said Ralph Macchio, senior editor. "Baffled by the baffling aspects of this situation. Never before have I been as baffled." Bafflingly, those baffled by this baffling occurrence cannot, baffling as it is, recall what they were baffled by. "I do not believe easily," said Mistrated Mark Gruenwald, our executive editor. "But baffled I have been. And baffled I remain." Hm. Simply baffling.

Pro File on: RANDALL DEFLADE

Marvel freelance credits (past): Writer on BLAZING FLAMING HOT LETHAL COMBAT ZOMBIES.

Marvel freelance credits (present): Writer on BLAZING FLAMING HOT LETHAL COMBAT NINJAS.

My heroes are: Shootin' varmints, shootin' Commies, shootin' liberals, shootin' pool, shootin' my mouth off, lookin' cool, and LOVING THE GOOD OLD USA! GOD BLESS AMERICA!

The single work of which I am most proud is: BFHLCN #6, where the ULTIMATE NINJA battles the THOUSAND HITLER CLONES FROM BRAZIL.

My pet peeves are: GRAAHH! Don't get me started, simply I hate all sorts of things, and I hate thinking about those too much. I just want to TAKE THEIR SCRAWNY LITTLE NECKS AND SQUEEZE UNTIL THEIR EYEBALLS PINK PASTE OZES OUT FROM BETWEEN MY FINGERS! NGAAHH! IT MAKES MY @. ##. ##. ## VIBES POP OUT OF MY FOREHEAD I HATE IT SO MUCH!!!

My place of birth is: The Good Earth People's Commune in the Beautiful California Hills.



My greatest accomplishment outside the comics field is: Hunting down those who would corrupt the youth of America, and make this country weak and submissive and then I grab their SCRAWNY LITTLE NECKS AND I SQUEEZE AND SQUEEZE UNTIL THEIR EYEBALLS SHOOT OUT OF THEIR SOCKETS AND BOUNCE AROUND THE ROOM LEAVING LITTLE RED SPLOTCHES ON THE WALL!!!!

My greatest unfulfilled ambition in the comics field is: Taking that obnoxious assistant editor who laughed at me when the softball smashed my glasses during last week's game and GRABING HIS LARYNX AND DIGGING MY FINGERS AROUND HIS WINDPIPE THROUGH HIS SKIN UNTIL FOUNTAINS OF BLOOD ARE SHOOTING EVERYWHERE AND HIS EYES ROLL BACK INTO HIS HEAD AND THEN I BASH HIS HEAD AGAINST THE CURB UNTIL HIS SCALP FLOATS DOWN THE GUTTER INTO THE SEWER ON A VISCIOUS RIVER OF HUMAN LIQUID! Yeah, that's what I'd like to do.

Checklist

- ☐ ECCHS-MEN #232 — Still no gratuitous sales jokes. Who says this isn't the Marvel Age of conscientious restraint?
- ☐ SILVER SERF #16 — Here's a sentence of useless padding!
- ☐ G.I. SHMOGE #78 — This sentence, on the other hand, is extremely important.
- ☐ THE FANTASTIC FOUR #317 — No funny names for this one. The actual book is outrageous enough as it is. If you don't believe us, buy a copy. (THINLY VEILED PLUG!)
- ☐ IRONED MAN #235 — Buy this or we'll be forced to cancel it and then you'll be forced to spend your money on some way larmer book. (EXTREMELY OBVIOUS PLUG!)
- ☐ TREASURE ISLAND — Not a comic book but pretty good nonetheless, and highly recommended. (Do we qualify for that educational grant now? Huh? Do we? Huh?)
- ☐ THE OFFICIAL MARVEL COMICS INDEX TO GOOGAM, SON OF GOOM — What's a checklist without a useless, high-priced index?

- ☐ INEDIBLE BULK #348 — A name that survived unchanged from the old NOT BRAND ECCHI Ahh, the nostalgia! Ahh, the memories! Ahh, the complete lack of originality!
- ☐ THE REVENGERS #296 — How many times can you yell "REVENGERS COAGULATE" before it grows thin?
- ☐ THE MIGHTY SNORE #296 — Action! Light Central! Nonsense! And lots more hoo-hah action!
- ☐ THE SPECTACULAR SPIDEY-MAN #141 — Don't tell anybody, but we just print the pages from AMAZED SPIDEY-MAN in reverse order. Okay, sometimes we shuffle it up a bit and throw some puns in.
- ☐ THE NAMBI — Evidently, a lot of you didn't get this joke the first time around; so here it is again. "Nambi," as in Vietnam, plus "Bambi," as in the gentle deer, gets you "Nambi." Okay, so it's not that funny.
- ☐ SUPERBMAN #6789 — No, we don't publish this comic, but those guys need all the help they can get. Anyway, most of their plots are the biggest jokes we've ever seen, so we thought all you WHAT THE-? readers might be interested.

- ☐ SCAREDEVIL #259 — Reborn all over once again (on many times)!
- ☐ WASTED REVENGERS #37
- ☐ WOOF-PACK #3 — It got printed, so it's got to be good, right?
- ☐ THE PULVERIZER #12 — Nothing to say!! Better print a few sentences with lots of exclamation points!! Yeah!!!
- ☐ WHAT THE-? #13 — The book you're reading! If we make fun of it, it'll be like boxes in boxes! Or something like that!
- ☐ SOLD-OUT REVENGERS #11 — Does anything happen in these REVENGERS books anymore?
- ☐ MUNDANE TALES #19 — Reprints AMAZED SPIDEY-MAN #303 — with a brand-new cover to boot!
- ☐ THE AMAZED SPIDEY-MAN #303 — We revisited last year's plots, so now Spidey's living alien with costume commits suicide after her rat gets committed to a mental asylum.
- ☐ ALFALFA FLIGHT #63
- ☐ BOWERY BRATS #40
- ☐ ECCHS-FACTOR #33 — We promise — no jokes this month about how well the ECCHs books sell for no apparent reason.

WHAT THE MAIL??

ED: JIM SALICRUP ASST. ED: GLENN HERDLING

WE RESEMBLE YOUR REMARKS, PLEASE WRITE TO: FREE LARGE BAGS OF CASH, OOPS... MAKE THAT: WHAT THE MAIL?? % MARVEL COMICS GROUP
387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH
NEW YORK, NY 10016

PLEASE TELL US IF YOU DON'T WANT YOUR FULL ADDRESS PRINTED.

SALICRUP'S SECTION



Greetings, all you Zombies and non-zombies. This is your old pal, Jim, talking. Unlike some other editors up here, I am completely in control of my opinion/educational/plug column. It's a handy tool, you know. Every month you get a cheery little promotional anecdote, or perhaps a minor diatribe on some subject that irks me. It has the effect of lulling you unsuspecting readers into a false sense of security. You all think that all I do all day is sit at my typewriter and bang away at the keys with a big grin pasted on my face. Well, I've had it. I'm nice and pleasant and all I get for it is letter after letter from lame-o's complaining about people who buy Marvel Comics. If you only fly on TWA, are you called a TWA Zombie? Not at all. Of course, for some reason, some people get really emotional about the rage we slap together and sell at the newsstands. Well, all I have to say is, GET OFF MY BACK ALREADY! Just because I run a column doesn't mean I'm happy to be a target for every loser with a problem! Look at Ralph Macchio! Nobody ever gets to whine about anything in his column! He's smart enough not to have one! Do you see a Potts' Portion? A Budiansky's Billboard? More smart guys! From now on I'm only going to print cheery, complimentary letters. If anybody complains, I'm going to hunt him down and pith him. (Ask your mom what a dictionary is and look it up.) And furthermore...

HA HA HA HA! I'm only kidding, guys! I'm really just an average guy after all. That was all a joke! Now, I'd better get back to work... Glenn, could you please hand me those Smiley-Face stickers to paste on my replies to all our wonderful fans? Well, ta-taa everybody!

Dear Carl,

Thank you and Marvel for giving me a chance to read a parody of your own comics. NOT BRAND ECCH lives on as WHAT THE--?!

The Pun! — I mean the Pulverizer's story was funny and great because the art, colors, and script complemented one another.

The Bower Brats wasn't wonderful, but I did enjoy the characterizations of the Duke of Density, Assault and Battery, and Dagnabbit. Oh, the ending was OK.

I really loved "WHEN TITANS BUNCH!" It was the best story in the book. I loved the way Dr. Droolid was drawn. He looked like a real idiot just like Dr. Druid! That one panel made me laugh more than any other part of the book. I also liked the end. But my only complaint was Wolveream's claws. Just kidding, that was great too.

Now to SECRET WARS III. Sorry, but I really hated it. It was so lame that I can't even explain its lameness.

Lastly, keep on making the ads. They're a great part of the comic. So till the Thing combs his hair, MAKE MINE MARVEL!

Ruben Kaim
700 Wakefield Ct.
El Paso, TX

How rare! A fan letter free of the pretentious rantings and obnoxious pronouncements we usually have to answer nicely even though we'd rather shred them! For your contribution, Ruben, we won't ridicule you in print! But, of course, since this is a humor book, all the jabs and swipes we make at the other letters on this page are ALL IN GOOD FUN. No, really. Honestly.

Also, Ruben, we're glad you like Marvel and WHAT THE--?!. However, we're not the only people who put out funny books, you know! Why, each and every month, we pick up all our Distinguished Competition's books and laugh like crazy! Ah, they make it look so easy.

Dear Marvel,

The origination of a salute was pointing to or at the hairline in front. Over the ears helps prevent colds and over short collar in back helps keep back clean. Ya I want a wife and another 100 years or more.

I have liked the Incredible Hulk ever since I can remember.

Please don't have lazy teeth. Carnivores are pretty smart when they eat they eat all the bones they can chew and eat. It would be nice to have a grinder to make bone meal. Ya I drink milk and chew aspirin and Tums. Excedrin PM Formula and Unisom helps to sleep.

I have a lot of pain from a loose fibula or fibula after being clubbed by a nightstick March 5, 1980. I found Hydrogen Peroxide helps to sprout seeds it is gentle to sprouts. Window gardens? Rubbing Alcohol is good on hands, feet and belly buttons. Ya a person should use a nose to smell some things like milk, wine, and beer.

Flies and maggots eat flesh but, they don't have teeth or skeletons to feed. Human skeleton equals 109 bones?

Water projects help in dry conditions. Aquariums help too. I try to be clean! I had to snort hydrogen peroxide 3% after handling moldy alfalfa hay. I really believe honey bees lessen the nutrition in hay by taking the nectar. Have to feed grain with alfalfa hay too. Animals can be expensive to keep. I hurt my back working with a jackhammer at Reynolds Aluminum in Longview, Washington. I signed a Peace Treaty July 18, 1978 in front of the Washington Monument in Washington, D.C. Very Sincerely,

Alan Charles
Oregon

Thank you for the health tips, Charles, and thanks for writing. We're getting our crack decoder squad to work on your letter immediately, so if this is a coded message to your evil Communist masters, you're in big trouble. If not, write again soon!

Yo Guys,

I really enjoyed reading WHAT TH--?!, the art in the book was really great, but, what do you expect from Marvel? I especially enjoyed reading the Pulverizer. I thought it was pretty neat how you guys drew him — he looked sort of dumb and cute at the same time. I liked the way you exaggerated the bullet holes in the people he shot. I about died laughing and on page 5, panel 6 when he walked into the bar shooting and part of the panel was shot out and, the name of the company with the STUFF.

While I'm writing I'd like to try for a No-Prize! Ok, here goes nothing. In "When Titans Bunch" on the first page Wolverine has kitchen utensils instead of razor sharp claws, is because it is not Wolverine but, Wolveream and it's supposed to be a parody comic. Well, that's all for now until Spidey is called the Fly make mine Marvel.

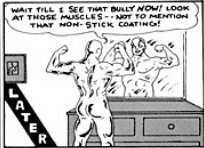
BJ Casino
1301 Meadowlark Dr.
Clinton, Ohio 44216

Oh, we've got a regular rocket scientist here, don't we. How did you get enough time off of your cancer research to write us, BJ? We're glad you did, though — we see that your grasp of the concept of the No-Prize just about equals your skill in writing run-on sentences. Now, we'll try to be calm about this. Of course Wolverine doesn't look like Wolveream. He is not supposed to. That is the way we intended it. It is not a mistake. So you state the obvious and expect to get a prize. The OBVIOUS. You do not get a prize, BJ. Now wasn't that civil?

Next ish: We're not gonna tell you.

(WHOLE PAGE WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY MARC SIRY.)

THE INSULT THAT MADE A MAN OUT OF NORRIN



IN JUST 7 SECONDS, I CAN MAKE YOU A MAN!

Fill out this coupon and let me prove it →

Yes! I want the power cosmic! In return, I promise to be your herald forever and ever or until I betray you, whichever comes first.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Galaxy _____